It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:
And quickly will returne an iniury.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.

Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

Soul. Do you heare you sir? do you know this glouc?

Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue.

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flew. Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away:
Ile giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King, VVarwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

Kin. How now, what is the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson:*
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
And auouchments, that this is the gloue.

Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.

Kin. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promised to strike.